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The Hive.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1805.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. XIX.

[*As the Regulations for a Library may, perhaps, be unentertaining to a majority of our readers, we have omitted them.*]

Truth, Reason, Candour, boldly she defies,
And strength of lungs her want of sense supplies.

MOST persons, who have been conversant with any of the refinements in language, have noticed deficiencies in many cases, where definite ideas are sought to be expressed, without circumlocution. When these defects relate to some of the most common occurrencies of life, the coining of a new word, which shall convey the precise idea required, may be of general utility. In a debate upon any subject, where the parties stand upon equal ground, each giving reasons for his opinions, and supporting his assertions by facts, we say they are *debating*, *arguing*, or *disputing* certain points; the conversation is called a *debate*, an *argument*, or *dispute*, and the terms are all perfectly understood to convey the meaning which we wish to communicate. But, when parties are engaged in a contest, in which one founds his arguments on fact, and defends his opinions by reason, and the other spurns both fact and reason, stunning his antagonist with the thunder of insolence, misleading the hearer, by false statements, and drowning common sense in a flood of folly,—this unequal controversy cannot be explained by either of the terms before mentioned, nor can it be understood by the application of any other in our language. To apply the the term *argument* to such a conversation would be preposterous for only one of the parties condescends to use any of the principles of argument, and no one can argue alone. I therefore propose to distinguish such dialogues as consist on one part, only of contrarient vociferation, by the epithet of ARGUBAWLS.

This term will readily convey the definite idea, that one party attempts to hold an argument, on just argumentative principles, while the other only bawls or vociferates, without reason or decency. To give the term its necessary range, derivatives may be formed, which will give it rank with as many parts of speech as extensive use may require; thus

The SUBSTANTIVE.
I heard an Argubawl.
The VERB.
They Argubawled the question.
The PARTICIPLE.
They were Argubawling.
The ADJECTIVE.
An Argubawlical controversy.
The ADVERB.
They contended Argubawlically.

The benevolence and the wisdom of nature have been exemplified in those instances, where the power of a certain sense has been increased, in consequence of the total loss of another; for example, the being who has been deprived of sight, has a touch more exquisite, than he who possesses the use of his eyes; and so in many other cases. The Argubawler seems to have taken nature for his guide in this particular, for he diligently supplies noise and insolence in abundance, for all deficiencies of sense and reason; but this difference exists in the comparison,—that nature, for one benefit lost, supplies another, but he, for good lost, furnishes an evil.

If it had never been my lot to contend with a person of the above description, it is probable that I should not have paid much attention to a contest between SERENA and SNARLETTA, (the sisters mentioned in a former number) which was a genuine Argubawl, and proved the fair SNARLETTA, to be such a character as above described, and such as I have frequently been obliged to endure, in attempts at rational argument, while my antagonist set truth, reason, and civility at defiance.

Miss SNARLETTA having received an invitation to spend some weeks in the country, had chosen for the occasion a pattern for a new gown, and was about sending for the mantua-maker. Now, sister, said SERENA, don't go to the *extremity* of the fashion, in the making of that gown, as you did with your last. What's that to any body? said she, the gown is my own, I suppose; and I may have it made as I please, I suppose, without being controled by any one—I'm not a child I'd have you to know. The other calmly replied—Sister, I do not attempt to control you: I only offer my advice as a friend, and can give you sufficient reasons for that advice; in the first place—here she was interrupted with—I don't want your advice, nor your reasons, nor never wish to hear them. You are always against every thing that suits me, and always tell about your reasons—the very last time that I spent an afternoon out, you tried to hinder me from going, but I would go, and did go—so what good did you do? None, said SERENA, but my advice would have done you good, if you would have taken it—for you would undoubtedly have escaped the fit of sickness which you have endured in consequence of that day's visit in the rain. Oh yes, Madam! said the tartar, you can hinder people from being sick, can you? Then I recommend it to you to open shop and advertise for keeping folks well, you'll have plenty of business to advise other people without troubling yourself about me. In this strain she continued until she had nearly exhausted herself in the highest pitch of a full toned treble.

The mother hearing the altercation, entered the room, and inquired what was the matter. Oh, said SNARLETTA, here's a new doctor come to town, to keep us all from being sick. That's the doctor, (pointing to her sister) you must take *her* advice and you will never want medicine. The mother, turning to SERENA, inquired what it meant. Why, said she, I took the liberty of advising my sister not to go to the extent of the fashion with the gown she is about making, and would have offered my reasons; but instead of hearing them, she has wandered as far as possible from the subject, and now dubs me the new doctor, merely for telling her that if she had taken my advice she would probably have escaped her late sickness.

I had heard sufficient to give me a thorough disgust at the conduct of the handsome SNARLETTA, and retired to contemplate the causes and consequences of this fatal perverseness of temper.

Hearken to the warnings of Conscience, if you would not feel its wounds.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS,

BY HIMSELF, IN A LETTER TO DR. MOORE.

[*Concluded from Page* 118.]

MY life flowed on much in the same course until my twenty-third year. *Vive la mour, et vive la bagetelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure, *Sterne and M'Kenzie*, *Tristrom Shandy and Man of Feeling* were my bosom favorites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged in according to the humor of the hour. I had usually half a dozen, or more pieces on hand. I took up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, until they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell soothed all into quiet! None of the rhymes of those days are in print except, *Winter a Dirge*, the eldest of my printed pieces. *The Death of Poor Mailie*, *John Barleycorn*, and songs first, second, and third. Song second was the ebullition of that passion which ended the forementioned school business.

My twenty-third year was to me an important æra. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax dresser in a neighboring town (Irvin,) to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My——; and to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcome carousal to the new year, the shop took fire, and burnt to ashes; and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a six-pence.

I was obliged to give up this scheme; the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick around my father's head; and what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption, and to crown my distresses, a *belle fille*, whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul in the field of matrimony, jilted me, with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my constitutional melancholy being increased to such a degree, that for three months I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus—*d part from me ye cursed.*

From this adventure I learned something of a town life; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn, was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic; but a great man in the neighborhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation in life—The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in despair went to sea; where after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been set ashore, by an American privateer on the wild coast of Connaught, stripped of every thing. I cannot quit this poor fellow's story without adding, that he is at this time master of a large West-Indiaman belonging to the Thames.

His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded; I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels: His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself where women was the presiding star; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief; and the consequence was, that soon after I resumed the plough I wrote the *Poe's Welcome*. My reading only increased while in this town by two stray volumes of *Pemela* and one of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, which gave me some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print I had given up; but meeting with *Ferguson's Scottish Poems*, I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre with emulating vigor. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that growl in the kennel of justice; but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family amongst us, with which, to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighboring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and amarous madness; but in good sense, and every sober quality, he was far my superior.

I entered on this farm with a full resolution, *come, go to, I will be wise!* I read farming books; I calculated crops; I attended markets; and, in short, in spite, of *the devil, the world, and the flesh*, I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, and the second from a late harvest, we lost all our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and *I returned like a d g to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.*

I now began to be known in the neighborhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light, was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvanists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my *Holy Fair*. I had no notion myself that the piece had some merit; but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause. *Holy Willie's Prayer* next made its appearance, and alarmed the Kirk session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed against prophane rhyme. Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another side, within point blank shot of their heaviest metal. This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reconing of rationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother; in truth it was only nominally mine; and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamacia. But before leaving my native country forever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro driver—or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits! I can truly say, *pleuvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works as I have at this moment, when the public have decided in their favor.

It ever was my opinion, that the mistakes and blunders, both in rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to the ignorance of themselves. To know myself had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone; I balanced myself with others; I watched every means of information, to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet; I studied assiduously nature's design in my formation, where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West-Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public, and besides I pocketed, all expences deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money to procure a passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for,

Hungry ruin had me in the wind.

I had been for some days sculking from covert to covert, under all the horrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncou-

pled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia. *The gloomy night is gathering fast*, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The Dr. belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I should meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second addition fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the Nadir: and a kind Providence placed me under the patronage of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn.—*Cubliemoi, grand Dieu, si jamaies je l' oubile.*

I need relate no further. At Edinburgh I was in a new world; I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me; and I was all attention to *catch* the characters and *the manners living as they rise*. Whether I have profited, time will shew.

Burns died on the 21st of July, 1796.—The gentlemen volunteers of Dumfries, had determined to bury their associate with military honors. The funeral took place on the 26th of July, when the remains of Burns were interred in the southern church-yard, and three vollies marked the return of the poet to his parent earth.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE HIVE.

Messrs. M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

IN looking over your last "Hive," I observed an enigmatical list of young ladies. I immediately set about unraveling it, and present you the following solution.

Miss Musser.
Miss Zantzinger.
Miss Ellicott.
Miss Hubley.
Miss Graeff.
Miss Hay.
Miss Ross.
Miss Haverstick.
Miss Trimble.
Miss Slough.
Miss Rigar.
Miss Barton.

There is so great a variety of girls of the same name, that it was difficult for me to define which of these "Alonzo" meant, but I trust he designed the prettiest to claim the preeminence, taking this to be his intention, I remain his friend

WILLIAM.

[The following character of IRISH HOSPITALITY is taken from the speech of Mr. *Curran*, spoken on the trial of the Marquis of Hardfort, for *crim. con.* with the wife of the Rev. Mr. Massay. It is so perfectly just, and accurately distinctive, that every man, but particularly an Irishman, ought to treasure it up in the depository of his memory, and write it in large characters in his common place book.]

"There is another consideration, gentlemen, which I think most imperiously demands even a vindictive award of exemplary damages, and that is the breach of hospitality. To us does it peculiarly belong to avenge the violation of its altar. The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity or convenience; in savage nations of the first; in polished, of the latter;—but the hospitality of an Irishman, is not the running account of posted and ledgered courtesies, as in other countries; it springs, like all his qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from his heart.—The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; is tender, and he loves; is generous, and he gives; social, and he is hospitable. This sacrilegious intruder has profaned the religion of that sacred altar, so elevated in our worship, so precious to our devotion; and it is our privilege to avenge the crime. You must either pull down the altar, and abolish the worship, or you must preserve its sanctity undebased. There is no alternative between the universal exclusion of all mankind from your threshold, and the most rigorous punishment of him who is admitted and betrays. This defendant has been so trusted, he so betrayed, and you ought to make him a most signal example."

ABBERDISEMENT.

There was dismished last Friday, color of a lite red cow, pretty much a short tale, when she whips it dont touch her head, not so long as other cows tails, she is a long slim short thick cow, not so fat as some cows, she is not so poor as some cows. This will convince any of the public if seen such a creatur, sir or gentlemen of honor, whoever seen or find him, turn him to town, to mr. York Ruggles, seven tar lane, he will warn whoever bring him will be a great price, the cow was brought up in the country, he was bro't through town four months ago, also more the cow had four white legs, and four red legs, and she gallops pehind and trots pefore.

P. S. He has gote lite red eyes, he is gote tall slim horns, a little cut of the ends. he is not less than seven years old, he has gote one year long, and he has gote one year short, and a slit in one of them, and a peice clipped of other.

Lost money may be found again; but a lost character is rarely recovered.

A LESSON FOR COURTIERS.

AN Indian prince, one day desirous to try the sincerity of his courtiers, ordered an infusion of tobacco to be served up instead of coffee. As soon as they had tasted it, they looked at each other with amazement and then cast a timid glance towards their master, who took his cup, and praised it highly.—"Excellent! excellent!" re-echoed the courtiers, and drank their portions to the dregs.—Would all masters try their courtiers by the same test, they might possibly find them equally false and hollow hearted.

ON LOVE.

If you would know whether you love violently, examine the power which love and reason have over your heart: if reason be superior, you do not love enough: if love be, you love somewhat too much: but, if their power be divided, you are in a condition to enjoy all the delights of the passion, and to be actuated only by reasonable desires.

PARNASSUS.

IN ancient times PARNASSUS was considered as hard of ascent, and its top appeared almost inaccessible—But in modern times we seem to have made a beaten cart way over it, and who is so dull as not to travel it without difficulty or danger? HELICON was represented as a scanty fountain, and happy was the poet who could get an inspiring draught—But now it has swelled into a river, and every ploughboy, in the field of science, waters his horses at the stream—Ancient poets sung of a secret influence from the MUSES, which purged their mental vision, and discovered scenes fairer than Tempe to their view—but inspiration now descends in the form of a fog, and the beclouded fancy, which points a monster, while it talks of sketching nature, is admired for the boldness and *wildness* of its conceptions.

Lancaster, *January* 16, 1805.

WEDLOCK! thou dear, delicious state,
To thee I'll ever kneel;
In thy bless'd chains no foul debate,
On love's sweet hours can steal.

MARRIED, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Latta, Mr. *Charles S. Sewell*, of the Easternshore, Maryland, to Miss *Catharine Keagy*, of this borough.

O DEATH! how sudden was thy visit paid,
No time allow'd to take a last adieu;
This hour in health, the next a corpse was laid:
Torn from the world—our friends no more to view.

DIED, in this borough, Mr. *Chester C. Smith*, Printer, in the 26th year of his age. He was a native of Springfield, Massachusetts.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

POOR TOM.

AS stormy winds the seas affect,
And ev'ry care and sorrow,
The ups and downs of life reflect,
To warn us of to-morrow.

Poor *Tom*, while seated at his door,
He call'd the world unkind;
And sigh'd for days that now were o'er,
All pictur'd to his mind.

His money spent—his credit fled!
Such horror star'd apace,
That made him tears of pity shed,
Which mantled all his face.

A wife was *Mary*—sweet to see;
Three little ones could speak,
And gaily climb their father's knee,
To kiss his pallid cheek.

Tom cast a look upon his dear,
Then turn'd himself away;
While fell destruction loiter'd near,
To cloud his opening day!

Amid these troubles, all in vain
To find relief tried he;
A friend advised, 'twould be his gain,
To try the generous sea.

The wind was up, the sails were spread,
All hands were gay and cheery;
Tom lean'd against the mast his head,
And look'd where stood his *Mary*.

Farewel, my wife! aloud cried he,
Dry up those falling tears;
I leave my prattling boys with thee,
O, guard their tender years!

The ship cut through the briny deep,
Once more *Tom* wav'd his hand;
He saw his faithful *Mary* weep,
'Till ocean drank the land!

On golden wings the moments flew,
Devoid of care and sorrow;
Returning—near the port he drew,
His love to meet to-morrow.

The wind yet gently shook the sails,
Tom went to catch it hov'ring;
The yard gave way, his foot did fail,
The sea's his wretched cov'ring!

Alas! poor *Mary*, hard's thy lot,
A passing Angel said;
Yet shall these orphans deck the spot,
Wherein thy *Tom* is laid. ALONZO.

EPITAPH ON LUCY FORTESCUE.

By Lord Lyttleton.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes,
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise:
Polite, as all her life in court had been,
Yet good, as she the world had never seen:
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentlest female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
Her song, the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong.
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was virtue, by the Graces dress'd.

To "BELINDA."

NO longer the rose-bud may boast
Of its beauties besprinkled with dew—
The pride of the valley is lost,
And nature has found it in you.

The following is an attempt to burlesque the well known vulgar form of epistolary writing. [*Cab.*

THIS opportunity I take
To write to you, to let you know
That I am well—and for your sake,
I hope these lines will find you so.

Your letter I receiv'd last night,
And read the same with pleasure vast;
It gave me such profound delight,
As set my heart to beating fast.

'Tis long since last I saw your face,
And absence fills my heart with pain;
Ah! must I run through life's sad race,
And ne'er set eyes on you again!

News is so scarce, I've none to tell,
Except, (what sure must give you joy)
That all our friends are wond'rous well,
And aunt Jemima's got a boy.

I can at present write no more;
So must conclude for want of breath;
Remaining still, as heretofore,
Your loving uncle's son 'till death.

A WISH.

FROM a cross neighbor, and a sullen wife;
A pointless needle, and a broken knife;
From suretyship, and from an empty purse,
A smoking chimney, and a jolting horse;
From a dull razor, and an aching head;
From a bad conscience, and a buggy bed;
A blow upon the shoulder, or the knee—
From each of these may I continue free.

VARIETY.

ADDRESS TO SINGLE LADIES.

A multitude of admirers is an object too generally coveted by young females: Yet it is certainly a very improper method to be taken by such who wish to be happy in matrimony. Sensible and well meaning, worthy and sincere men are seldom attracted within the circle of those who adopt this conduct; and even if they should chance to fall within such a circle, it is very seldom that they long retain the slight chains of such a love. It is remarkably improper, as well as absurd, for a lady, who has already a sensible lover, to languish for a number of flatterers to admire her: Should she miss of her aim, she *fancies* herself unhappy; should she succeed, she is likely to be so in reality.

A gentleman who values his own honor, or understands the dignity proper for the female whom he addresses, and is desirous to posses, will, by no means, admit of this plurality of lovers, no sooner than the laws would admit of a plurality of husbands. A neatness, without excess, in point of dress; a *prudent restraint* of the *tongue*; a moderation in taking diversions; and an unaffected ease and politeness, joined to the usual accomplishments, must complete the character of an accomplished lady, in a single state, and will in the end outweigh the transitory, though delightful charms of a beautiful person.

MATRIMONY.

WHEN kind tumult seize the veins and all the yielding soul is love, let the aspiring youth beware of making promises.

If a smiling season and the glowing cheek of beauty have exposed your heart to the arrows of love, make a truce with Cupid, until you experience the effect of December's chill frosts upon the ardor of your passion.

Spring love often freezes in the winter, and love once congealed, seldom pursues its old channel again.

Early marriages are public blessings; but unhappy matches a private curse. A man in love is always generous, and a generous person never thinks himself poor.

A young man is too poor to marry until he has the certain means of earning, at least, three times as much in a year as he expends when single.

FOOTE was invited to a convivial meeting, where he met with Lord Sandwitch. When the Comedian entered, the peer exclaimed, what! are you alive still? Yes, my Lord, replied Foote. Pray Sam, retorted his Lordship, which do you think will happen to you first, the experience of a certain disease, or an acquaintance with the gallows? Why, rejoined the Actor, that depends upon circumstances, and they are these, *Whether I embrace your Lordship's mistress, or your principles.*

One Dollar Reward.

LOST, on Sunday evening last, between Witmer's Bridge and Binkley's Mill, on the road leading to Strasburgh, a green Umbrella.—Whoever has found the same, and delivers it to the printers of this paper, shall receive the above reward.

January 2, 1805.

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